

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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The people engaged in the sealing business will kindly bear in mind that there is an era of Anglo-Saxon amiability which ought not to be disturbed.

An authority states that there are 7,000,000 harmonicas sold annually in this country. Is it any wonder that some persons look on a musical taste as a not unmixt evil?

Crime costs London more than \$7,500,000 a year, over \$8,000,000 of which goes to the Metropolitan police. This amounts to something like \$1.50 per head of London's population for their sins.

There is something grotesquely curious in the news that Sir Herbert Kitchener began recruiting from the captive Dervishes for his army the day after the capture of Omdurman. Of course, the curiosity lies in the nature of the Dervishes and the fact that such a thing is possible. The fact is that many of them are mere soldiers of fortune, who fought for the Khalifa simply for hope of plunder, and are as willing to fight for the Queen and the Khedive as for anybody else.

The four monitors for which contracts have been awarded by the Navy Department will be in effect small floating batteries, designed to stick close to our coastwise harbors. They will be too small—only 225 feet long—to carry sufficient coal for a sea voyage, nor is it designed that they should at any time take the places of any of our warships in offensive operations at a distance from home ports. Vessels of the monitor class are believed by naval experts to be practically impregnable to hostile attack, except by torpedo boats, while they are capable of meeting in a sea fight anything afloat in the shape of a battleship, no matter how large or how heavily armed.

Mr. Kerr, the Secretary of the United States Golf Association, estimates that there is \$50,000,000 now invested in golf in this country, and that the expenditure this year for that sport will not be less than \$10,000,000. The money is well spent, in that it makes this country pleasanter for persons who are bound to have some sort of sport, and who will seek it abroad if they cannot find it at home. Bicycles, trolley cars and golf have worked miracles in the direction of mitigating the monotony of American life, especially of country or suburban life, and making it attractive to persons who crave reasonable variety in their existences. They are all cheap, and not one of them is nasty. They are all still extending, and it is an adventurous prophet who would attempt to predict the limits of their spread. With iron cheap, and growing constantly cheaper, life predicts that there must be a continuous stretching out of trolley rails along the country roads.

The great waste and damage to a country's industries involved in a great strike is well shown by some lately published statistics of the losses caused by the strike of the Welsh miners, which ended recently, states Bradstreet's. This cost is placed at \$30,000,000, or \$1,500,000 weekly during the period the strike lasted. If the damage were confined to the mining industry itself this would be bad enough, but the interdependence of modern trade and commercial life made it necessary that a wide circle of industrial workers and enterprises should drink from the same cup. For instance, it is estimated that the loss in coal freights alone was fully \$7,000,000, while the losses of the railroads are placed at fully \$2,000,000. That the wages of sailors, the amounts paid for dock dues and other fairly measurable items were heavily reduced goes almost without saying. The indirect loss, some of which may never be regained, caused by the diversion of the coal trade to other countries is, of course, incalculable, but the decided bonus given to American export trade in coal to British colonial ports is of too close a date to be forgotten. It has even been stated—though, it is claimed, without adequate foundation—that the annual autumn maneuvers of the British Channel fleet were postponed because of the strike.

ADVENTURES AMONG CANNIBALS

The Strange Story Told by Louis de Rougemont.

GOOD use is being made by the scientists of an account of the experiences of M. Louis de Rougemont among the savages of north-western Australia, which appeared recently. His experiences are alleged to have covered a period of nearly thirty years. During that time Rougemont became practically king of a cannibal tribe. He says he escaped from his nomadic life and reached Melbourne in 1895. He arrived in England a short time ago, and on Friday, September 9, told the story of his adventures and his return to civilization at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Bristol.

M. Rougemont's tale has aroused unusual interest. It is said that his story has been investigated by famous geographers like Keltie and Mill, and found to have every evidence of truth. It was probably because of this understanding that he received an invitation from so stout and distinguished a body as the British Association. Here is the story of his wanderings as prepared by M. Rougemont himself. In the year 1863 I left home, a mere youth, and engaged in a pearl-fishing venture on board the Dutch schooner Velleland. Our pearling grounds lay between the Australian coast and Dutch New Guinea. After about ten months the vessel was wrecked on a small coral island, situated about thirteen degrees south and 125 degrees east, of the northwest coast of Australia. I was absolutely alone, save that I had the captain's dog with me. On this island, or, rather, sand-spit, I lived for two years and underwent much suffering. At the end of that time a party of blacks, who had been blown out to sea from the Australian main, were cast upon the island on a native raft, such as is used in fishing expeditions. After a further period of six months' waiting for favorable winds, we set out together in a boat built from the wreck of the schooner, and I landed with my companions on the coast of Australia in the year 1866—the exact locality was Cambridge Gulf, on the northwest coast. Of course, I made many excursions in various directions, always with the hope of reaching civilization, either overland or by sea. Evidently, however, I drifted into the centre of the continent, and only reached civilization in 1895, after an exile of upward of thirty years.

When I first landed on the Australian main it may be necessary to bear in mind that I was absolutely destitute—without clothes, tools or instruments of any kind, except a harpoon, a stiletto and a steel tomakawk. I had no book except a New Testament in the French and English language; all maps and charts had been swept away by the heavy seas that preceded the wreck. I had no writing materials whatever; it was therefore impossible for me, even if at that time I had had the wish, to make any scientific observations or to record my wanderings. For a time, however, I did make notes on the blank leaves and margins of the Testament, using blood for ink and a quill from a wild boar as a pen. This book was, unfortunately, lost after my return to civilization in the wreck of the steamer Matura, which was lost in the Strait of Magellan in the present year of 1898.

When I landed on the continent, I believe vast tracts of it were unexplored, and certainly my own knowledge of Australian geography was very small and vague. If I had known even the exact outline of Australia, it would have saved me many terrible journeys and years of suffering. As I have already said, I landed on the east side of Cambridge Gulf, as nearly as I can now remember, that is to say, Queen's Channel, which was the home of my native companions, who found their way back with me from the little island by steering by the stars. For some little time I remained in the camp of their tribe, where I was received in a most friendly way in consequence of the introduction and representations of my native wife. This woman was one of the family of blacks that had been cast upon my islet.

When we landed, nearly all the members of the tribe and many individuals from other tribes were gathered to see the first white man they had ever beheld. They were not so much surprised, however, at my personal appearance as at the form of my footprints, which differed very greatly from theirs, and the few articles I possessed filled them with amazement, especially my boat. This boat, which I built on the island from the wreck, and in which I reached the mainland with the party of natives, was, unfortunately, lost in an encounter with a whale, and with it disappeared my hopes of reaching Somerset, at Cape York, a settlement of which I had often heard the pearlers speak. Thus I was obliged to make the attempt by land, and I started with my wife about October, 1867, intending to travel due east to the Queensland coast. At first over a flat coast land diversified by isolated hills, and then through an elevated and very broken country, I reached a desolate and waterless region covered with spinifex, where we both suffered terribly from thirst, and but for the skill of my native wife in finding water and procuring food, I should probably never have come through it.

We soon found that we had come considerably further south than we intended, and so we struck due north and eventually reached a flooded river flowing eastward, which presently led us to the sea. This river was probably the Ropa, entering the Gulf of Carpentaria, but as I did not know of the existence of such a gulf I believed we had reached the Queensland coast, and I at once inquired of the tribes we met for the nearest settlement of white men. These natives were of the most savage and hostile I ever encountered in all my wanderings. They attacked at night, but, having been warned by my native wife, we retired from our gubayah, or shelter of boughs, and slept in the bush without a fire. In the morning we would find our shelter riddled with spears.

At length, after several months of coasting, we found the land trending to the west; and here, at Raffle's Bay probably, we found a Malay prosa. We landed on the northern coast of Melville Island, and after we had again reached the coast of the mainland through Aspley Strait, we experienced a terrible storm, which must have driven us past Port Darwin. For whole nights my native wife and I would be immersed in the sea, clinging on to the gunwale of our frail craft. At last, about eighteen months after we had left my wife's home in the Cambridge Gulf region, we one day recognized certain islands and also the coast, and soon afterward we found ourselves, to my great surprise, at the very spot from which we had started.

The next attempt I made was to the southwest, starting after some months of rest, and coasting in the dugout as far as King's Sound. I landed upon and explored many of the islands dotted along that extensive stretch of coast, and in some of them I found caves with rude drawings on the rocks. On what was probably Bigge's Island I found a cairn of stones, which I readily saw must have been the handiwork of a white man. We returned to the old camp overland, crossing the King Leopold ranges, which were finely wooded, and appeared to be largely composed of granite.

We next struck what was probably the Orde River, which we followed down to Cambridge Gulf, and returned along the coast to our own home. On returning from this journey I felt little inclination to make another attempt, and for three years I lived among the natives, becoming accustomed to the life and finding it not disagreeable. The desire to reach civilization returned, and about the year 1873 I started with my wife, resolving this time to cross the continent to the south, as I knew in a vague kind of way that there were great towns on the coast somewhere to the south. I had only the very haziest idea, however, of their position. The tribes were very numerous, and altogether they were very thickly populated. I never traveled due south, but found it expedient to go from tribe to tribe and from water-hole to water-hole. Besides having my native wife with me, I was armed with a certain mystic message stick and, best of all, I had the power of amusing the tribes by means of acrobatic performances, my steel weapons, and the bark of my dog, who could also go through a little performance on his own account, dancing to the tune of my reed whistle. I emphasize these things because they saved my life over and over again.

When we were perhaps seven months out we came suddenly upon four white men. At this time we were with a small party of blacks, who were on a punitive expedition. The party had already been attacked by these same white men and had retaliated, and, therefore, they were by no means disposed to be friendly. Naturally, in the excitement of the moment, I forgot that I was virtually a black man myself, and rushed upon them, but they promptly fired upon us and retreated. I now know them to have been the Giles expedition of 1874. I should point out that I was perfectly naked, like the savages, and was anointed with the same protective covering of black, greasy clay which is used by the natives to ward off cold and the attacks of insects, but apart from this, the sun had long since tanned my skin out of all resemblance to a European. Repulsed in this way more than once, I despaired of ever making my real character known. Two or three weeks after the encounter my wife came upon the tracks of a man whom she described as a white man, and as a man no longer in his senses. She deduced this latter fact from the eccentric circles which the tracks followed. Following up these tracks, we did find a white man alone and dying from thirst. He was hopelessly imbecile. He lived with me for two years, a serious incurable, and never regained his intelligence until just before he died. He asked who I was, and where he was, and then he said his name was Gibson, and that he had been a member of the Giles expedition. The place where he was lost was, I now understand, called by the Giles expedition "Gibson's Desert," and it lies in the southeast of Western Australia.

After Gibson's death I made up my mind to end my days in solitude, and the reason for this was partly that I seemed doomed to disappointment every time an opportunity offered itself to return to civilization, and partly, also, on the urgent solicitations of my wife and the tribes with whom I lived. They pointed out to me that I had everything a man could want, and that I could be king among them. It was, moreover, quite evident to them that my fellow white men did not want me. Thus for something like twenty years I made my home with them in the mountainous region near the centre of the continent, where I ultimately became king or ruler over a number of large tribes. From this mountain home I made frequent long journeys and traversed at one time or another a great part of the interior of the continent.

Once I followed on the camel track of a white party with the tribe for the purpose of picking up empty tins and for other things useful to us, and I came upon an Australian prosa. I remember it was the Sydney Town and Country Journal, bearing date somewhere between 1874 and 1876. It was a surprise indeed. I read it over and over, until I had learned it by heart, and I preserved it in an opossum skin cover until it was literally worn to pieces.

Much of the information this newspaper contained puzzled me greatly, and I nearly worried myself into insanity over a statement that "the deputies of Alsace and Lorraine had refused to vote in the German Parliament and had walked out." Turn it over how I might, I could not understand how the representatives of two great departments in my own country could possibly be in the German Parliament—knowing absolutely nothing, of course, of the war of 1870.

The tribe over which I reigned was composed of beings who were certainly low down in the human scale, but at the same time they have elaborate laws which govern their daily life precisely as in the case of civilized people. They are savages, repulsive in appearance, who have not even risen to such a point of civilization as to have permanent houses, addicted to cannibalism, and altogether of a very degraded type.

While my natives did not, as a rule, paint the body on great occasions, such as corroborees, initiation ceremonies and other festivities, they paint and decorate themselves elaborately, each tribe having its own design of decoration, and even a geometrical design for each ceremony. The pigments used in decoration are of many colors, but chiefly yellow, red, white and black. Ordinarily the only clothing known consists of a coating of greasy clay, mixed with charcoal. This serves many purposes. It keeps off the cold during the winter, and is also a protection against the attacks of insects. In summer a special kind of pigment is used to keep off insects, and this material is scented with a kind of pennyroyal.

Cannibalism prevails to a very great extent, but is governed by many rules. Usually it is the slain victims in battle that are eaten by the victorious side, and as the object seems to be to acquire the valor and virtues of the person eaten I endeavored to wean the tribes from cannibalism by assuring them that, if they made bracelets, anklets and necklaces out of the dead man's hair, they would achieve their end equally well. When a family grows too large, and the mother—being the beast of burden—is unable to carry one of the children, the father orders it to be clubbed and eaten. This, however, is entirely actuated by love, as the natives have a horror of natural decay. Maimed and deformed children are also killed and eaten. Women and people who die a natural death are never eaten. When a man has to be eaten there is always a grand corroboree. The natives are not ashamed to confessed cannibalism, nor is an individual considered unclean after joining in a feast.

From this account it may appear that my natives were not a pleasant people to live among. But I found the reverse to be the case. They were always cheerful, obedient and deferential in their manner, and many times did I owe my life to the care exercised by my faithful native wife. It was possible to devise many occupations, which were at least sufficient to pass the time. For amusement I used to search the beds of the watercourses for curious stones. In a great many of these watercourses I found both coarse and fine gold, and in some instances the beds were extremely rich in alluvial gold.

I found great quantities of gem stones of every shape and color, which could be distinguished by looking through them when wet. In some cases the prevailing color of the stones would be various shades of red, in others blue, and in rarer cases green. This I took respectively to be ruby, sapphire and emerald. On occasion I came across a range of granite hills extending several miles, and the adjacent creeks contained large quantities of pieces of broken reefs and boulders and water-worn pebbles, also immense quantities of heavy black sand, which I supposed to be iron, but which I now know to be tin. In another district I found large quantities of native copper lying about in pieces.

My wild life came to an end at last. An epidemic of influenza swept over the country and carried off my wife. My surviving children were also swept away. Thus left alone, without the old interests that had made life tolerable, I determined to make a last effort to reach my own people, and leaving my mountain home I set out for the southwest. On this, however, as in all my journeys, I was never able to take a direct line, but had to go hither and thither with the tribes among whom I was sojourning. After a time I found a tree marked Forrester, the name of the explorer who had passed that way, and turning south I at length met a party of prospectors

many days north of Mount Marga, the nearest camp.

Taught by bitter previous experience, I knew that before I could appear among the whites I should have to get some of my natives to procure some clothes for me by any means known to them. When at length I presented myself before the white men I was afraid they did not at first look with favor on their guest. I answered their questions, and when they heard I was without mates and had been journeying hither from the interior for nine or ten months they were convinced I was a person of intellect. A question of my own, "What year is this?" convinced them altogether that they were right in their conjecture. However, in the end I obtained help and work, and in 1895 I reached Melbourne, whence by slow stages and not without difficulties I got back to Europe.

ROOFING A FARM.

Remarkable Precautions to Protect a California Orchard from Frost.

Frost is a frequent feature of orange growing in California, and many devices for keeping it from harming the orchards have been tried from time to time with only partial success.

During the day the earth and trees become warm, but as the night cools the atmosphere the process of radiation sets in and the heat from the earth and the trees is carried off, the cold, frosty atmosphere taking its place. This warm air must not be allowed to escape. The fact was evident that the trees must be covered.

A fog would do this effectually, but fogs cannot be manufactured to order. The idea was conceived by a Mr. Everest of covering the orchard with canvas, which could be rolled up in the morning and let out at night. One acre was covered in this way and it was found to be expensive and unstable, as the canvas would get wet and decay. Then Mr. Everest thought of a covering of leather, and it was tried, was a success and to-day is an accomplished fact.

A visit to this ranch would remove any doubts one might have regarding the feasibility of the new plan. A dial set in the ceiling of the house at the head of the stairs indicates the direction of the wind at any time of the night or day. At another place can be seen a system of electric bells. These ring when the thermometer has fallen to a dangerous temperature. The men are then called up and a process of firing up is commenced. And yet with all these precautions the frost has often been too quick.

Now the trees are roofed in with canvas and laths. Although this shelter has been used over but fifteen acres, the entire ranch will be covered as soon as the work can be done. Last spring the fruit which was covered matured perfectly, while that uncovered was more or less injured.

The operation is perhaps considered an expensive one, but when the value of a crop is considered it is infinitesimal. The cost is about \$400 to the acre. It has been demonstrated that the temperature is some five degrees higher under the cover than outside, with no fire at all, while with a small fire the temperature can be brought up eight degrees higher. With this cover the rancher is absolutely sure of a crop from any citrus orchard.—San Francisco Call.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Flour molded into bricks by hydraulic pressure is reduced two-thirds in bulk, and rendered proof against damp.

By means of a toughening process, recently discovered, glass may now be moulded into lengths and used as railway sleepers.

Cast iron is now being used for concentrating sulphuric acid, and it is confidently anticipated that it will supercede both glass and platinum for that purpose.

M. Victor, the French naturalist, says that a toad will live twenty-eight months completely embedded in plaster of paris poured on as a liquid, and then allowed to harden.

Guttapercha from the leaves of the caoutchouc tree is now being used by French makers of submarine cables. It has all the advantages of the product from incision into the tree, while less expensive and more durable.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Life—Enough For a Row—A In Moderation—Hard to Understand—What He Could Be—Her Answer—Slightly Paradoxical—A Modern Idyll—Well Fitted, Etc.

A little work, a little play, and that is life, some people say; but not, alas! for the married man. He works all day, and when it's over He sings the while he waits the floor, And sleeps a bit when'er he can.

Enough For a Row. "Pa, what are the dogs of war?" "Well, your mother's fine poodle and that mongrel pup next door."—Detroit Free Press.

Hard to Understand. "The English language lacks lots of being a dead language." "Yes; and it is a wonder, too. It gets butchered so much."—Detroit Free Press.

A la Mode. The Saphend—"How are you getting along with your chain of evidence?" "The Sleuth—"Oh, this is an up-to-date case! It is chainless."

What He Could Be. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going a-golfing, sir," she said. "May I go too?" "Why, yes, my laddie. You may go 'long and be the caddy."—Life.

Slightly Paradoxical. "Misery loves company," thought the philosopher. Whereupon, in the very goodness of his heart he went out into the world and searched until he had found misery. And he was happy.

Her Answer. "I am much flattered by your proposal, Count," said the girl with a wealthy pa. "And le beau! l'Americaine weal not say me nay?" "Oh, no; simply nit!"—Philadelphia North American.

A Modern Idyll. "I'll woo thee in the moonlight," sang the lover to his girl, who was gazing fondly on him from the casement. "It's much cheaper than the gas-light," sang her father, the old curm, who was taking observations from the basement.—Tit-Bits.

Well Fitted. Mrs. Subbubs—"I can't see why that Clarence Duffy was chosen as one of the members of our village band. He is such a donkey!" Mr. Subbubs—"That's where he has a decided advantage over the rest of the band, my dear. You know they all play by ear."—Punch.

Strictly Business. "Young man," said the young woman's father, "you have boasted several times that you possess an honored name." "Yes, sir," replied the foreign suitor, haughtily. "Well, may I inquire what bank it will be honored at and for how much?"—Washington Star.

Why Willie Stopped Smiling. The salesman was showing Willie the new styles of golf stockings, and said: "You have just the legs to display this pattern." "Yes?" murmured Willie, with a complacent smile. "They are long and the same size all the way up," continued the clerk, and the smile faded away.—Spokesman-Review.

Of Rare Originality. "I do so admire Mr. Steadygate," said the young woman. "He is so original." "Really, Miss Philipppers," said the bright young man, "you should not be so sarcastic."

"I'm not. He is the only man I know who is not always trying to say something bright and new."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Usual Progress. Wheeler—"I wonder what has become of Walker; I haven't seen him for a week." Ryder—"I saw his wife yesterday. She said he was learning to ride a wheel."

Wheeler—"How's he getting along?" Ryder—"On crutches, I believe."—Chicago News.

No Complaints. Horse Dealer—"Well, John, how about that horse I sold you? Was he quiet enough?" Undertaker—"Well, sir, he did give us a little trouble at first. We put him in one of the mourning coaches, you know, and parties don't like to be shook up in their grief. But we've put him in the hearse now, and we haven't heard any complaint so far."—Household Words.

The Fence of His Country. Quaint sayings and doings characterized the children who attended the vacation schools which were open during July and August of this year. Particularly when the little ones were taken to the country—there was an excursion each week—were they a source of delight to the directors and teachers of the schools. Many of them had never been on a street car, a train or a boat, and the commonest sights of country life were wonders to them. Here is one of the incidents of the first trip, which was to Lincoln Park. One of the boys, seeing a chicken, asked: "Teacher, what's that thing?" "That is a chicken, it's that." "What yer giving me? Dat'min' on chicken, it's got feathers on. I know a chicken, I guess. My ax shovels a chicken once for dinner. My ax shovels hev nat'in on but skin."—Chicago Record.

Mr. Bliking (looking up from the paper)—"The eminent physician, Dr. Greathead, says there is no exercise so conducive to health in woman as ordinary housework." Mrs. Bilkins—"Huh! I'll bet he's married."—New York Weekly.

Papa—"Now, Johnny, I have whipped you only for your own good. I believe I have only done my duty. Tell me truly, what do you think yourself?" Johnny—"If I should tell you what I think, you'd give me another whipping."—Boston Transcript.

Citizen—"I hear Mr. Officeholder is dead." Statesman—"Yes; he died five minutes ago." Citizen—"I dislike to show any unseemly haste, but I desire to put in my application for appointment as his successor." Statesman—"Walk into the other room and take your place in the line."—New York Weekly.

He Knew a Chicken. Quaint sayings and doings characterized the children who attended the vacation schools which were open during July and August of this year. Particularly when the little ones were taken to the country—there was an excursion each week—were they a source of delight to the directors and teachers of the schools. Many of them had never been on a street car, a train or a boat, and the commonest sights of country life were wonders to them. Here is one of the incidents of the first trip, which was to Lincoln Park. One of the boys, seeing a chicken, asked: "Teacher, what's that thing?" "That is a chicken, it's that." "What yer giving me? Dat'min' on chicken, it's got feathers on. I know a chicken, I guess. My ax shovels a chicken once for dinner. My ax shovels hev nat'in on but skin."—Chicago Record.

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